CONVICTS' SIGNALS.

A SYSTEM OF TELEGRAPHING IN VOGUE IN ALL PRISONS.

Communication in Spite of the Closest Surveilance-Prisoners Keeping Each Other Fully Informed.

Incidents that must necessarily follow from intercommunication often happen in penitentaries where the rules are rigid and surveillance so close that a convict is never from under the eye of a guard or taskmaster, says the Indianapolis Journal. No matter to what extreme the rule prohibiting conversation between the convicts may be enforced, they find some means by which to inform themselves of what is going on or what is to occur. But, more than this, a convict may conceive the idea of escape or revolt, and for him to communicate it to one he wishes to have as an accomplice is not difficult. They bring others into the plot or plan until twenty or thirty know it, details for the carrying out of which each is assigned his particular part. This necessitates a thorough explanation of minutiæ and calls for a system of communication for which a limited use of signs would not answer. Penitentiary officials have tried again and again, to obtain even a clue to the system, but they are no nearer a solution than when they first began to investigate the matter. They know there is a sys-tem, and that it rests on signs, but whether on those made with fingers, eyes and lips, or the bringing into play of other features, or whether it depends on all together, they do not know. Prisoners, to curry favor with the officials. often tell them what they have learned from other convicts. They go to especial trouble at times in exposing plots, and are ready to reveal everything except the means by which they learned the facts. No convict has yet given the slightest suggestion which would lead to the discovery of the secret that has defied the shrewdest detectives. "I have seen," said an ex-prison official, 'two convicts, six feet apart facing each other. They did not utter a word, nor could I discern the slightest movement of the lips or eyes, yet I knew they were communicatsomething. They gazed at each other for a minute or two before I had a chance to interfere, but I am satisfied that one told the other all he wished to tell. Three or four of them will be standing around a stove, or together in other places of the prison, and yet with sufficient distance between them to lead one to think that they have nothing in common, and while there is not the least sign of conversation observable, they are talking to each other in their own way. Attorney-General Michener, of Indi-

ana, relates an instance or two showing the perfection to which the convicts have carried their system of conveying information among themselves. On his first visit to Jeffersonville Prison to look into the matter of Jack Howard's shortcomings as warden of the Southern prison, he was sitting in the office of the prison one afternoon, when the deputy warden or some other subordinate asked him if he did not wish to go through the shops. It was something he did not expect to do. but, accepting the invitation, they passed through the inner gates, crossing the first cell-rooms, out into the courtvard him, said, on permission being given are provided for each animal.

"Your name is Michener?" "Yes; but how do you know that? I It was in the arms of a colored maid.

have never seen you before." "That is true, nor did I ever see you until now, although I am from Shelby black nose, peeped out. The dog was County." He then went on to tell who a pug and his right fore paw was he was, where he lived in the county, and bro en. In a few moments the whining what he had done to bring him into the animal was in the hands of the doctor, penitentiary. But the convict gave the Attorney-General further cause for wonder by telling him that he knew of his reaching the city the day before, how many visits he had made to the prison, and for what purpose.

Leaving the shoe factory the Attorney General and prison officer went into another room, separated from the first by an intervening room, and with neither of which could any person in the third have direct communication. Here Mr. Michener was approached by another convict, who told him about what the first had done, except he asked him to see the Governor in his behalf. Going to the foundry, which is a considerable distance from the shoe factory, the third convict came up to the Attorney General the instant he entered the room. This man had the identity of the visitor and the cause of his coming to Jeffersonville as accurately as the other two. He also wanted a pardon. On the way to another building the prison oficial said to Mr. "Every convict who cared to know had all information about who you are and why you have come within a few minutes after you came inside of the prison door. The convicts have no prison door. privilege of writing or speaking to each other, but so perfect is their system of communicating with each other that in forming plans to escape they can agree on time, leaders, methods and singa's. But there is always some convict who, though not in the plot, learns all about it, and tells the details to the officers. Investigation always brings to light enough incidents to convince us that their plans are being formed constantly.' Warden Patton not long ago had oc-

casion to order the punishment of a convict for the infraction of the rules. The convict, without the knowledge of his fellows, was taken to a distant part of the prison where there was not a sign of anyone being near enough to learn what took place. But three minutes afterward every convict of the many hund: ed there knew not only the punishment, and the kind, but why, and by whom, and at whose orders it was inflicted. An exprison official said recently: "Not long ago I took a convict to Michigan City. I reached the prison about eight o'clock in the evening, after all the convicts had been locked up in their cells. No one knew of my being there but the officer in charge at that time of night. I did not stay longer than five minutes, but, turning over my prisoner, went to the hotel and to bed. When I came down to breakfast the next morning there was a messenger from the prison stating that such and such a convict wanted to see me. A half dozen in all wished to have me come out to them. How they knew I was there nobody knows. Prison officials are constantly seeing the effects of communication among the convicts, but cannot detect the system."

Glamis Castle, in which Macbeth killed Duncan, King of Scotland, still

No bird destroys so many grasshopmers as the crow.

A Mongolian Youth Restorer.

Ginseng is the most potent in its virtues and varied in its applications of all known Chinese medicines. American and European pharmacists have never been able to attribute any remarkable properties to the root, although it has been known to them for over 100 years. Analysis shows that it is rich in gum and starch, and that it contains albumen, rezin and, perhaps, other principles, and it is put down on our dispensatories as being a mild stomachic.
On the contrary, the Chinese impute to

it the most miraculous virtues. It has even been known, they say, to raise the dead to life. In some form or other it enters into a multitude of their medical compounds, but it seems somewhat difficult to learn what they use it for. Probably it is a panacea. At any rate, it is given an almost fabulous value in the Celestial Empire, and the entire production of the United States, amounting to \$1,000,000 annually, is exported to hina. The people who have been engaged for years in this export trade with hina confirm the statement about the mystery connected with the use of ginseng among the Mongolians.

An exporter once showed a piece of the root to a member of the Chinese Embassy and inquired about its use among his people. The ambassador evaded the question with an adroitness of a born liplomat. It is certain, however, that Chinese regard it as a restorer of youth to the aged. The habitat of the ginseng plant is widely distributed. It grows wild in Manchuria, Corea, along the great wall of Chine, and in various regions of the United States. The most valuable ginseng was formerly gathered in Manchuria, where its sale became the exclusive monopoly of the Emperor.

In recent years the supply there has been exhausted and it has been obtained elsewhere. Besides, it is now cultivated along the banks of the Usuri, where the humidity of the Pacific seaboard favors the development of a splendid vegetation, and also in Japan and Corea. The annual production in United States is about 400,000 the pounds, which is obtained from a great number of States. Much comes from the mountains of West Virginia and Pennsylvania, a little from North Carolina, Ohio, Indiana, and the States of the Northwest furnish the rest.

As early as 1751 ginseng was gathered n New England as an article of commerce. The celebrated Rev. Jonathan Edwards wrote a letter to his friend, Rev. Mr. McCulloch, in Scotland, in 1752, that since it had been found the previous summer in the woods near Stockbridge and elsewhere in New England and in the country of the Six Nations, "the traders in Albany have been eager to purchase all they could get of the root to send to England, where they make great profit by it. This has occasioned our Indians of all sorts, young and old. to spend abundance of time in the woods, and sometimes to a great distance, in the neglect of public worship and husbandry, and also in going much to Albany, to sell their roots (which proves worse to them than in going into the woods), where they are always much in the way of temptation and drunkenness."-American Analyst.

Hospital for Invalid Pet Dogs and Cats

On Bergen street, near Court, in there is a peculiar hospital. Brooklyn, first cell-rooms, out into the courtyard It is devoted to dogs and cats, and is the and across that directly to the shoe facfory. They were not three minutes in building is large and roomy and patients going, nor did they stop anywhere until are numerous. Well-to-do people ownthey reached the factory. The Attorney- ing ailing pets are its principal patrons. General had gone but a few feet into the Each floor of the edifice is divided into room with the prison officers when a con- wards, and the dumb creatures under vict stepped up, and, asking the latter if | the doctor's care receive every possible | he could speak to the gentleman with attention. Clean beds of straw or husks While the him: "You are the Attorney-General?" | reporter, guided by the expert veterinary "Yes," was the only repy of that surgeon who conducts the establishment, was strolling through the retreat a stylishly attired lady entered with a dog.

From the depths of a crimson blanket a wrinkled and ugly face, ending with a who, with a dexterous movement, set the fractured bone, The leg was firmly bound with strips of cloth, liniments were applied and the patient "put to

While the doctor was laving the little pet down the animal gratefully licked his hand, and at one time almost seemed to laugh in the extess of his joy. "When shall I be able to take 'Lion'

away!" inquired the lady in anxious tones.

"You may call for him in ten days, madam.

"Oh, but I must see him before that." "No trouble about that, madam; call and see him any day between ten A. M. and five P. M.

With a murmured "thank you, sir," the lady departed. At the time of the reporter's visit there were fifty-three dogs and probably half as many cats under treatment. Some of the dogs were suffering with diseases peculiar to dogs; some had been badly gnawed in street fights with other curs; two or three had fractured tails, and one big fellow, evidently in the last stages of

decrepitude, was, to all appearances, dying by inches. "Yes," said, the professor, "he is dying of old age. He is a full blooded Newfoundland and is owned by a gentleman connected with Martin's Stores. When he was placed in my hands six months ago he was nothing but skin and bones. Oh, yes, he has picked up flesh, but I can't save his life, and he will probably

die inside of a fortnight." What do you charge for board and reatment? "Ordinarily about \$4 a week, but in ases where the animal is valuable and requires unusual care we sometimes get

double that amount.

One section of the building, the sunny side, is reserved as the lying-in ward, which at the time of the reporter's visit was inhabited by five canine mothers, each of a different species-bull dog, mastiff, pointer, setter and greyhound. The patients in that ward receive extra attention, for which an extra price is charged. Feline sufferers were found in another part of the building and those that were able were partaking of their evening meal. The hospital throughout is as neat as wax .- New York Telegram.

Remedy for Ivy Poisoning.

W. W. Duffield writes to the Scientific American as follows: For many years I suffered terribly from this cause, but remembering that all poisons are acids, and that alkalies neutralize acids, I REV. DR. TALMAGE.

DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Reformation From Evil Habits." (Preached at Chicago.)

TEXT: "When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."-Proverbs. xxiii., 35. With an insight into human nature such as no other man ever reached, Solomon, in my text, sketches the mental operations of my text, sketches the mental operations of one who, having stepped aside from the path of rectitude, desires to return. With a wish for something better, he says: "When shall I awake! When shall I come out of this horrid nightmare of iniquity? But seized upon by uneradicated habit, and forced down hill by his passions, he cries out: "I will seek it yet again. I will try it once

More."
Our libraries are adorned with an elegant literature addressed to young men, pointing out to them all the dangers and perils of life, complete maps of the voyage, showing all the rocks, the quicksands, the shoals. But suppose a man has already made shipwreck; suppose he is already off the track; suppose he has already gone astray, how is he to get back! That is a field comparatively untouched. I propose to address myself this touched. I propose to address myself this evening to such. There are those in this audience who, with every passion of their agonized soul, are ready to hear this discussion. They compare themselves with what they were ten years ago, and cry out from the bondage in which they are incarcerated. Now, if there be any in this house, come with an earnest number yet feeling they are with an earnest purpose, yet feeling they are beyond the pale of Christian sympathy, and that the sermon can hardly be expected to address them, then at this moment I give address them, then at this moment give them my right hand and call them brother. Look up. There is glorious and triumphant hope for you yet. I sound the trumpet of Gospel deliverance. The ohurch is ready to spread a banquet at your return and the hierarchs of heaven to fall into lize of bannered procession at the news of your emanci-pation. So far as God may help me, I pro-pose to show what are the obstacles of your return, and then how you are to surmount

those obstacles.

The first difficulty in the way of your re-The first difficulty in the way of your fetturn is the force of moral gravitation. Just as there is a natural law which brings down to the earth anything which you throw inte the air, so there is a corresponding moral gravitation. In other words, it is easier to go down than it is to go up; it is easier to do wrong than it is to do right. Call to mind the comrades of your boyhood days—some of them good, some of them bad. Which most them good, some of them bad. Which most affected you! Call to mind the anecdotes that you have heard in the last five or ten years—some of them are pure and some of them inpure. Which the more easily sticks to your memory? During the years of your life you have formed certain courses of con duct—some of them good, some of them bad.
To which style of habit did you the more easily yield! Ah! my friends, we have to take but a moment of self inspection to find out that there is in all our souls a force of moral gravitation. But that gravitation may be resisted. Just as you may pick up from the earth something and hold it in your from the earth something and note to by war hand toward heaven, just so, by the power of God's grace, a soul fallen may be lifted toward peace, toward pardon, toward heaven. Force of moral gravitation in every one of us, but power in God's grace to overcome

that force of moral gravitation. that force of moral gravitation.

The next thing in the way of your return is the power of evil habit. I know there are those who say it is very easy for them to give up evil habits. I do not believe them. He knows it is not believe them. s a man given to intoxication. is a man given to individual to the same state of the same state o does not give it up proves it is hard to give it one not give it up proves it is laid to give in the same of the carrying you with great force; but suppose you turn the boat up stream, is it so easy then to row it? As long as we yield to the evil inclinations in our hearts and our bad habits, we are sailing down stream; but the moment we try to hearts and our bad habits, we are saining down stream: but the moment we try to turn, we put our boat in the rapids just above Niagara, and try to row up stream. Take a man given to the habit of using tobacco, as most of you do, and let him resolve to stop, and he finds it very difficult. Twenty-one years ago I quit that habit, and I would as soon dare to put my right hand in the fire as soon dare to put my right hand in the fire as once to indulge in it. Why? Because it was such a terrible struggle to get over it. Now, let a man be advised by his physician to give up the use of tobacco. He goes around to give up the use of tobacco. He goes around not knowing what to do with himself. He cannot add up a line of figures. He cannot sleep nights. It seems as if the world had turned upside down. He feels his business is going to ruin. Where he was kind and obliging, he is scolding and fretful. The composure that characterized him has given was posure that characterized him has given way to fretful restlessness, and he has become a complete fidget. What power is it that has rolled a wave of woe over the earth and shaken a portent in the heavens? He has treed to stop smoking. After a while he says: "I am going to do as I please. The doctor doesn't understand my case. I'm going back to the old habit." And he returns. Everything assumes its usual composure. His business seems to build habit. posure that characterized him has given way Everything assumes its usual His business seems to brighten. becomes an attractive place composure. world to live in. His children, see ng the dif-ference, hail the return of their father's genial What wave of color has day disposition. blue into the sky, and greenness into the mountain foliage, and the glow of sapphire What enchantment has lifted a world of beauty and joy on his soul? He has gone back to smoking. Oh, the fact He has gone back to smoking. Oh, the fact is, as we all know in our own experience, that habit is a taskmaster; as long as we obey it, it does not chastise us; but let us resist, and find that we are to be lashed with scorpion we find that we are to be assisted with school whips, and bound with ship cable, and thrown into the track of bone breaking Juggernauts. During the war of 1812 there was a ship set on fire just above Niagara Falls, and then, cut loose from its moorings, it came on the sight way to be seen over cut loose from its moorings, it came on down through the night, and tossed over the falls. It was said to have been a scene brilliant beyond all description. Well, there are thousands of men on fire of evil habit, coming down through the rapids and through the awful night of temptation toward the eternal plunge. Oh, how hard it ward the eternal plunge. Oh, how hard it is to arrest them. God on'y can arrest them. is to arrest them. God only can arrest them. Suppose a man after five, or ten, or twenty years of evil doing resolves to do right. Why, all the forces of darkness are allied against him. He cannot sleep nights. He gets down on his knees in the midnight and cries: "God help me!" He bites his lips. He grinds his teath. He clenches his fist in a degrinds his teeth. He clenches his fist in a determination to keep his purpose. He dare not look at the bottles in the windows of a wine store. It is one long, bitter, exhaustive, hand to hand fight with inflamed, tantalizing and merciless habit. When he thinks he is entirely free the old inclinations pounce upon him like a pack of hounds with their muzzles tearing away at the flarks of one poor reindeer. In Paris there is a sculptured representation of Bacchus, the god of revelry. He is riding on a panther at full leap. Oh! how suggestive. Let every one who is speeding on bad ways understand he is not riding a docile and well broken steed, but he is riding a monster well orosen stead, the is right a death leap.

How many there are who resolve on a better
life, and say: "When shall I awake?"
but, seized on by their old habits, cry: "I
will try it once more; I will seek it yet but, seized on by their old manus, it yet will try it once more; I will seek it yet again!" Years ago, there were some Princeton students who were skating and the ice was very thin, and some one warned the company back from the air hole, and

the place. But one young man with bravado, after all the rest had stopped, cried out:
"One round more!" He swept aroun i, and went down, and was brought out a corpse. My friends, there are thousands and tens of thousands of men losing their souls in that way. It is the one round more. way. It is the one round more.

I have also to say that if a man wants to return from evil practices society repulses him. Desiring to reform, he says: "Now, I will shake off my old associates, and I will find Christian companionship." And he appears at the church door some Sabbath day, and the usher greets him with a look as much as to say: "Why, you here? You are the last man I ever expected to see at church! Come, take this seat right down by the and that alkalies neutralize acids, I bathed the poisoned member in a strong I bathed the poisoned member in a strong I be made from wood ashes and obtained instant relief. Subsequently I found that the dry ashes alone, rubbed over the poisoned member, were equally effective. Since this discovery, I have had no further trouble, and having tried this simple remedy repeatedly on myself and on many others, with like good results, I am now thoroughly convinced that wood ashes will in every case prove a sure and sovereign specific for all cases of ivy poison.

The seat right down by the door." Instead of saying, "Good morning: I will give through the meadow at the night fall, stand through which bursts the trusses of hay. The horses just having frisked up through the meadow at the night fall, stand through which bursts the trusses of come, I will give through the meadow at the night fall, stand through the meadow at the night fall of fowl, their feet warm under the proposed them to night fall of fowl, their feet warm under the proposed them to night fall of fowl, their feet warm under the proposed them to night fall of fowl, their fall of fowl, thei

prodigal wishing to return takes some mem-ber of a Christian association by the fixed, or tries to. The Christian young man looks at him, looks at the faded apparel and the or tries to. The Christian young man looks at him, looks at the faded apparel and the marks of dissipation, instead of giving him a warm grip of the hand, offers him the tip ends of the long fingers of the left hand, which is equal to striking a man in the face! Oh! how few Christian people understand how much force and gospel there is in a good, honest hand shaking. Sometimes, when you have left the need of encouragement, and some Christian man has taken you hartily by the hand, have you not felt THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN you heartily by the hand, have you not felt thrilling through every fiber of your body, mind and soul encouragement that was just what you needed? You do not know anything at all about this unless you know when a man tries to return from evil courses of conduct he runs against repulsions innu-merable. We say of some man, he lives a block or two from the church, or half a mile from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live 1000 miles from church. Vast deserts of indifference between them and the house of God. The fact is we must keep our house of God. The fact is we must keep our respectabilty, though thousands and tens of thousands perish. Christ sat with publicans and sinners. But if there came to the house of God a man with marks of dissipation upon him people almost threw up their hands in horror, as much as to say: "Isn't it shocking?" How these dainty, fastidious Christians in all our churches are going to get into heaven I don't know, unless they have a special train of cars, cushioned and upholstered, each one a car to himself. They canstered, each one a car to himself. They can-not go with the great horde of publicans and sinners. Oh! ye who curl your lip of scorn at the fallen, I te!! you plainly, if you had been surrounded by the same influences, instead of sitting to-day smid the cultured, and the refined, and the Christian, you would have been a crouching wretch in stable or ditch, covered with filth and abomination. It is not because you are naturally any better, but because the mercy of God has protected you. Who are you, that, brought up in Christian circles and watched by Christian

> return by the fact that churches are too anxious about their membership and too anxious about their denomination, and they rush out when they see a man about to give up his sin and return to God, and ask him how he is and return to God, and ask him how he is going to be baptized, whether by sprinkling or immersion, and what kind of a church he is going to join. Oh! my friends, it is a poor time to talk about Presbyterian catechisms, and Episcopal liturgies, and Methodist love feasts, and baptistries to a man that is coming out of the darkness of sin into the glorious light of the gospel. Why, it reminds me of a man drowning in the sea, and a life boat puts out for him, and the man in the boat says to the man out of the boat: "Now. if I says to the man out of the boat: "Now, if I says to the man out of the boat: "Now, if I get you ashore, are you going to live on my street?" First get him ashore, and then talk about the non-essentials of religion. Who cares what church he joins, if he only joins christ and starts for heaven? Oh! you ought to have, my brother, an illumined face and heaving for avery one that tries to turn hearty grip for every one that tries to turn from his evil way. Take bold of the same book with him though his dissipations shake the book, remembering that "he that con-verteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death and hide a mul-titude of sins" titude of sins.

Now, I have shown you these obstacles be-

parentage, you should be so hard on the

I think men also are often hindered from

cause I want you to understand I know all the difficulties in the way; but I am now to tell you how Hannibal may scale the Alps, and how the shackles may be unriveted, and how the paths of virtue forsaken may be regained. First of all, my brother, throw yourself on God. Go to Him frankly and earnestly, and tell Him these habits you have, and ask Him, if there is any help in all the resources of omnipoteut love, to give it to you. Do not go with a long rigmarole people call prayer made up of "ohs," and "ahs," and "forever and ever, amens!" Go to God and cry for help! help! help! and if you cannot cry for help, just look and live. I remember in the late war, I was at Antietam, and I went into the hospitals after the battle and said to a man: "Where are you hurt?" He made no answer but held up his arm, swollen and splintered. I saw where he was hurt. The simple fact is, when a man has a wounded soul, all he has to do is to hold it up before a sympathetic Lord and get it healed. It does soul, all he has to do is to hold it up before a sympathetic Lord and get it healed. It does not take any long prayer. Just hold up the wound. Oh, it is no small thing when a man is nervous and weak and exhausted, coming from his evil ways, to feel that God puts two omnipotent arms around him, and says: "Young man I will stand by you. The mountains may depart and the hills be removed, but I will never fail you." And then as the soul thinks the news is too good to be true, and accept the holder it and looks up in God's face. thinks the news is too good to be true, and cannot believe it, and looks up in God's face, God lifts his right hand and takes an oath, an affidavit, saying: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth." Blessed be God for such a gospel as this. "Cut the slices thin," said the wife to the husband, "or there will not be enough to go all around for the children; cut the slices thin." Blessed be God there is a the slices thin." Blessed be good the so-full loaf for every one that wants it! Bread enough and to spare. No thin slices at the Lord's table. I remember when the Master during the war, a telegram came, saying.
"There will be 300 wounded men to-night; be ready to take care of them;" and from my church there went in some twenty or thirty men and women to look after these poor wounded fellows. As they came, some from one part of the land, some from another, no one asked whether this man was from Oregon, or from Massachusetts, or from Minnesota, or from New York. There was a wounded solder, and the only question was how to take off the rags the most gently, and put on the bandage, and administer the cordial. And when a soul comes to God, He does not ask where you came from or what your ancestry was. Healing for all your your ancestry was. Healing for all your wounds. Pardon for all your guilt. Com-

fort for all your troubles.
Then, also, I counsel you, if you want to get back, to quit all your bad associations. One unholy intimacy will fill your soul with moral distemper. In all the ages of the church there has not been an instance where a man kept one evil associate and was re-formed. Go home to-day, open your desk, take out letter paper, stamp and envelope, and then write a letter something like this: "My Old Companions—I start this day for aven. Until I am persuaded you will join heaven.

me in this, farewell."

Then sign your name and send the letter by the first post. Give up your bad companions or give up heaven. It is not ten bad companions that destroy a man, nor five bad companions, nor three bad companions, nor two bad companions, but one. What chance companions, nor three bad companions, nor two bad companions, but one. What chance is there for that young man I saw along the street, four or five young men with him, halting in front of a grogshop, urging him to go in, he resisting, violently resisting, until after a while they force him to go in? It was a summer night and the door was left oner. a summer night and the door was left open as summer night and the door was left open, and I saw the process. They held him fast, and they put the cup to his lips, and they forced down the strong drink. What chance is there for such a young man?

I counsel you, also, seek Christian advice. Every Christian man is bound to help you. Every Christian man is bound to help you. It you find no other human ear willing to listen to your story of struggle, come to me, and I will by every sympathy of my heart, and every prayer, and every toil of my hand, stand beside you in the struggle for reformation; and as I hope to have my own sins foreiven, and hope to be acquitted at the indegiven, and hope to be acquitted at the judg-ment seat of Christ, I will not betray you. First of all, seek God; then seek Chi First of all, seek God; then seek Christian council. Gather up all the energies of body, mind and soul, and, appealing to God for success, declare this day everlasting war against all drinking habits, all gaming practices, all houses of sin. Half and half work will amount to nothing; it must be a Waterloo. Shrink back now and you are lost. Push or and you are assed. A Spartan gameral on and you are saved. A Spartan general fell at the very moment of victory, but he dipped his finger in his own blood, and wrote on a rock near which he was dying: "Sparts on a rock near which he was dying: "Sparta has conquered." Though your struggle to get rid of sin may seem to be almost a death struggle, you can dip your finger in your own blood, and write on the Rock of Ages: "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Oh! what glorious news it would for some of these young men to send home to their parents in the country. They go to the post-office every day or two to see if there are any letters from you. How anxious they are to hear! Nothing would please them half so much as the news you might send home to morrow that you had given your heart to much as the news you might send home to-morrow that you had given your heart to God. I know how it is in the country. The night comes on. The cattle stand under the rack through which bursts the trusses of hay. The horses just having frisked up through the meadow at the night fall, stand the deep in the bright straw that invites

when he was home, and since he has been away there have been so many prayers offered for him we can trust him still." Then at 8 o'clock—for they retire early in the country—at 8 o'clock they kneel down and commend you to that God who watches in country and in town, on the land and on the

Some one said to a Grecian general "What was the proudest moment of your life?" He thought a moment and said: "The proudest moment of my life was when I sent word home to my parents that I had gained the victory." And the proudest and most brilliant moment in your life will be the moment when you can sand word to your parent. ment when you can send word to your par ment when you can send word to your per-ents in the country that you have conquered your evil habits, by the grace of God, and become eternal victor. Oh! despise not parental anxiety. The time will come when you will have neither father nor mother, and you will go round the place where they used to watch and find them gone from the house, and gone from the field, and gone from the neighborhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the church yard, they will not answer. Dead! Dead And then you will take out the white lock of And then you will take out the white lock of hair that was cut from your mother's brow just before they buried her, and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think and think, and wish that you had done just as they wanted you to and would give the world it you had never thrust a pang through their dear old hearts. God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name. God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart. Better if he had never been born—better if in the first hour of his life instead. near. Better it he had never been born-better if, in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of ma-ternal tenderness, he had been coffined and epulchred. There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowfal grave and who brought parents to a sorrowfal grave and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery, rending the hair and wringing the hands, and crying: "Mother! mother!" Oh, that to-day, by all the memories of the past, and by all the hopes of the future, you would yield your heart to God. May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever.

TEMPERANCE.

The Crimson Stain.

"Oh, curse this awful appetite for drink, I feel that I am standing on the brink Of a precipice, with not a friend around To draw me back to firmer, safer ground burning! Oh, the craving! Oh, the burning! Oh, the loathing! Oh, the loving! Oh, the spurning!

Every nerve, every vein
Throbs with pain.
But I've swern to never touch the stuff again.

II. "There's a barroom over the way. Hear the Of the glasses as the 'boys' step up to drink. There is something now a pulling me that way. Hear the laughter! Hear the singing! All

are gay!
For a moment shall I step across the street?
How hilarious would old companions greet!
Shall I go? How my brain

Throbs with pain ! But I've sworn never to touch the stuff again.

'Ah! who is that a-beckoning to me? 'Tis my little sweetheart—none so fair as she. She is waiting now to take the promised

walk. How I love to watch her smile, and hear her She it was who plucked me from the ragged

'edge.' She it was who made her lover sign the pledge.

No more throbbing of the brain,
Vanish pain—
I swear I'll never touch the stuff again."

IV. Hear the bell-hear the clanging marriage What a tale of hopes and fears doth it tell! See the bride—see the blushing, tearful brida. See the proud and happy bridegroom by her

side.
Tis he who cursed his appetite for drink—
Tis he who stood upon destruction's brink.
Every nerve, every vein
Racked with pain—
'Tis he who swore to never drink again.

See the tears—see the bitter, scalding tears. See the wife—see the wife of two short years. See the child—see the puny, starving child. See the man—see the man unkempt and wild. See him raise his hand and strike with sav

age blow. Her whom he swore to love two years ago. Hear her beg for life in vain. See the stain—the crimson stain.

She ne'er will weep o'er broken vows again.

—Arkunsaw Traveler. W. C. T. U. Notes.

Out of 373 students in the Congregational colleges of England and Wales, no less than 315 are abstainers.

The Supreme Court of Dakota declares the local option law recently adopted in that territory is constitutional. By Queen Victoria's orders no intoxicating

liquors are to be in future allowed upon the premises of the People's Palace in London. Denwiler Station, Penn., has one saloon to twenty-eight families comprise the popula-

In one district of London containing 200 public houses, 7019 children were seen to enter their doors during the space of three

The consumption of beer in the United States has increased from 6,200,000 barrels in 1867 to about 23,000,000 barrels in 1887; that is, more than twice as fast as the popula-

A grocery firm of Kirksville, Mo., issues the following advertisement: "Any man who drinks two drachms of whisky per day for a year, and pays 10 cents a drink for it. have at our store 30 sacks of flour, 220 pounds of granulated sugar, and 72 pounds of good green coffee for the same money, and get \$2.50 premium for making the change in his expenditures."

A partial explanation of the late riot in London, where hungry thousands clamored for food, may be found in the fact that in the manufacture of beer 53,000,000 bushels of grain were wasted last year in Great Britain alone. This was sufficient to have made 1,-100,000,000 4 lb. loaves of bread, which would have made a road two yards wide and 2,000 miles long. In face of this waste 2,000 chil-London alone, were absolutely dren. starved to death.

Colonel Switzer, of the National Bureau of states that at the request of the National Druggists' Association, he has just concluded an investigation as to the proporconcluded an investigation as to the proper-tion of the liquor consumed yearly in this country, used in the arts and manufactures. He has found that this percentage instead of being 50, as had been claimed, or even 30, was only 7.2 per cent. Colonel Switzer also said the annual consumption of strong drink in the United States averaged an annual cost of \$47 to every man, woman and child.

The Saloon's Arrogance.

The Sation's Afroganice.

The time has come when just and wholesome law will be permitted to remain as a dead letter; but the time is fast approaching when the insolence and lawlessness of the saloon will be effectually suppressed. A sentiment in that direction is rapidly developing, and public has done more to quicken it then and nothing has done more to quicken it than the saloon itself. Its disregard for law, its the saloon itself. Its disregard for law, its arrogance, its lobbying in legislative halls, and dictating to convention and caucuses, have done more than all else to create a sentiment against it that will timent against it that will control it or sup-press it altogether. It should consider that press it altogether. It should consider that it has no claim on the public at all. It is no part of legitimate industry; it has no part in commercial prosperity. It exists in opposition to all principles of industry and commercial interests. The people have the highest right recognizable to suppress it entirely the right of self-protection. For the select the right of self-protection. For the saloon to talk about rights is fcolish. It has none. It only exists by sufference, and there is nothing on which it can base a claim for pro-ection. It is an industry that weakens everything it touches, one that adds nothing dividual or national prosperity, but is a neavy burden to both. The revenue it yields is too insignificant, compared to the tax it makes necessary, to speak of.—Chicago Current.

Eleven thousand nine hundred and fortyseven soldiers, nearly one sixth of the British army in India, are members of the Soldier's Total Abstinence Association. Temperance rooms with various amusements, have been established in most of the cantonments, and these act as a counter attraction to the can-

RELIGIOUS READING.

Where Do You Live! knew a man and his name was Horney, Who used to live on Grumble Corner; Frumble Corner in Cross Patch Town, And he never was seen without a frown. He grumbled at this; he grumbled at that; He growled at the dog; he growled at the

cat; He grumbled at morning; he grumbled at night;
And to grumble and growl were his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she Began to grumble as well as he:
And all the children wherever they went,
Reflected their parents' discontent.
If the sky was dark and betokened rain,
Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain;
And if there was naver a cloud about. And if there was never a cloud about, He'd grumble because of a threatened drought.

His meals were never to suit his taste He grambled at having to eat in haste; The bread was poor, or the meat was tough Or else he hadn't had half enough. No matter how hard his wife might try To please her husband, with scornful eye He'd look around, and then, with a scowl At something or other, begin to growl.

One day, as I loitered along the street, My old acquaintance I chanced to meet, Whose face was without the look of care And the ugly frown that it used to wear "I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said, As, after saluting, I turned my head; "But it is, and it isn't, the Mr. Horner Who lived for so long on Grumble Cor

I met him next day, and I met him again, In melting weather, in pouring rain, When stocks were up and, when stocks were down; But a smile somehow had replaced the

frown. It puzzled me much; and so, one day, I seized his hand in a friendly way, And said: "Mr. Horner, I'd like to know What can have happened to change you so?"

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear: For he told of a conscience calm and clear, And he said, with none of the old-time

"Why, I've changed my residence, that is all!"
"Changed your residence?" "Yes," said
Horner,
"It wasn't healthy on Grumble Corner,
And so I moved: 'twas a change complete:
And you'll find me now on Thanksgiving

Now, every day, as I move along The streets so filled with the busy throng, I watch each face, and can always tell Where men and women, and children dwell And many a discontented mourner, Is spending his days on Grumble Corner Sour and sad, whom I long to entreat To take a house on Thanksgiving street. -[New York Independent.

Pursuits and Pleasures.

In regard to the lawfulness of certain pur suits, pleasures, and amusements, it is impossible to lay down any fixed and general rule; but we may confidently say that whatever is found to unfit you for religious duties, or to interfere with the performance of them. or to interfere with the performance of them, whatever dissipates your mind or cools the fervor of your devotions, whatever indisposes you to read your Bibles or to engage in prayer, wherever the thought of a bleeding Saviour or of a holy God, of the hour of death or of the day of judgment, falls like a cold shadow on your enjoyment, the pleasures which you cannot thank God for, on which you cannot ask His blessing, whose recollections will haunt a dying bed, and plant sharp thorns in its uneasy pillow whose recollections will haunt a dying bed, and plant sharp thorns in its uneasy pillow—these are not for you. These eschew; in these be not conformed to the world but transformed by the renewing of your mind—"Touch not, taste not, handle not." Never go where you cannot ask God to go with you; never be found where you would not like death to find you; never indulge in any pleasure which will not bear the morning's reflections. Keep yourselves unspotted from the world, not from its spots only, but even from its suspicions.—[Dr. Guthrie.

The World's Need.

What the world's need demands of us is not more eloquent preaching, more passionate appeal, more subtle philosophizing, more originality of thought, but the clear-voiced outspeaking of God's Word as it has been appropriated in the deepest experience of our own heart and conscience. Only let men come face to face with the facts of redemp-tion, and with the thoughts of God as they are incarnated in Jesus Christ, with their are incarnated in Jesus Carist, with their self-evidencing light and power, and we may trust God for all the rest. This would bring the weary and heavy-laden round us, like thirsty travelers round a newly-discovered well. It would restore the church's ancient power of prayer, of rebuking iniquity, of touching consciences, of winning hearts, and would develop among us a nobler form of life in the beauty of holiness. And it would "tell" most powerfully on all the interests of hu-

manity.
We must ourselves be the Bible to them, we must ourselves be the Bible to them, and our daily lives must be the sermon; preached all the week in our daily employments and our social intercourse. • must put our soul's truth, our soul's integrity, our soul's loyalty to God—in other words, our Christianity—into all we do; the builder into the well be builder that are into the well be builder that are into the well be builder that are into the well be builder into Christianity—into all we do; the builder into the wall he builds, the artisan into the work the wall he builds, the artisan into the work he turns out, the manufacturer into his cloth, the magistrate into his administration of justice, the Member of Parliament into his law-making, and so on throughout. It ought to be no unsafe experiment for men to take dea of Christ from what they see in the Christian church.—[Rev. Dr. James Cul-

Come Inside.

Recently, in illustrating the theme, "A man in Christ," Mr. Spurgeon told a story that is worth repeating. He said: Some Christians remind me of the little boys who go to bathe; all frightened and shivering, they enter the water just a little—up to their ankles they wade and shiver again. But the ankles they wade and shiver again. But the man who is really in Christ is like the practiced swimmer who plunges into the stream head first, and finds water to swim in. He never shivers. It braces him. He rejoices in it. It has become his element. This is the man who understands the happiness of religion in a manner far beyond the conception of the half-and-half professor who has only religion enough to make him miserable. religion enough to make him miserable.

I sometimes illustrate this by a quaint

I sometimes illustrate this by a quaint American story. An American gentleman said to a friend: "I wish you would come down to my garden, and taste my apples." He asked him about a dozen times, but the friend did not come, and at last the fruit grower said: "I suppose you think my apples are good for nothing, so you won't come and try them." "Well, to tell the truth," said the friend, "I have tasted them. As I went along the road, I picked one up that fell over the wall, and I never tasted anything so sour in all my life; and I do not particularly wish to have any more of your fruit." "Oh," said the owner of the garden, "I thought it must be so. Those apples around the outside are for the special benefit of the boys. I went fifty miles to select the around the outside are for the special benefit of the boys. I went fifty miles to select the sourest sorts to plant all round the orchard, so the boys might give them up as not worth stealing; but if you will come inside, you will find that we grow a very different quality there, sweet as honey." Now, you will find that on the outskirts of religion there are a number of "Thou shalt nots," and "Thou shalts," and convictions and alarms; but these are only the bitter fruits with which this wondrous Eden is guarded from thievish hypocrites. Eden is guarded from thievish hypocrites. Eden is guarded from thievish hypocrites. If you can pass by the exterior bitters, and give yourself right up to Christ and live for him, your peace shall be like the waves of the sea; and you shall find that the fruits of "this apple tree among the trees of the wood" are the most delicious fruit that can be en-joyed outside of our eternal home.

priven to Desperation.

A lurid temperance lecture was adminis-tered to a drunken father of Bowmaustown, Penn., last week. He staggered home and Penn., last week. He staggered home and found his daughter giving a music lesson to two girls. With much profanity he ordered both teacher and pupils out of the house. This was not their first experience of the kind, and the daughter, a sensible girl who had been much depressed for months by overhearing remarks as to her father's habits, went straightway to her room, wrote pathetic letters to her father and mother, in which she declared that no possible punishment after death could be much worse than the suffering she had already endured from her father's conduct, robed herself for the grave, and drank a fatal potion of laudanum. grave, and drank a fatal potion of laudanum.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Electric slaughtering of cattle has proven successful in St. Petersburg, Russia, death being instantaneous.

Persistent headache can be cured, Doctor McKenzie says, with one-half grain doses of Indian hemp taken night nd morning.

The so-called "American" trout is thriving in Norwegian waters, and attemps are to be made to acclimatize black bass obtained from America.

The first complete fossil ske'eton of a whale, found under ten feet of marl in the south of Sweden, has just been presented to the University of Upsala. . Two electric motors at Solothurn, Switzerland, are driven by a current generated five miles away, where two

lynamos receive thirty horse power of energy from a waterfall. A Zurich institution has offered prize of 2000 francs for new investigations of "the relation which the formation of the bones bares to the

statics and mechanics of the vertebrate Professor Thompson, of England, says that when the means of utilizing the power creating quick heating by electricity shall be better understood it will be used in every workshop for welding,

forging and other purposes. In recent experiments alloys have been formed by pressure, and it is found that alloys may be produced from their pow-dered constituents, without pressure, at a temperature above the melting point of the alloy, but below that of the con-

stituents. The influence of the moon upon vege-tation is an interesting problem awaiting solution. A recent writer upon the subject mentions that wood-cutters in Cape Colony, Africa, and in India insist that timber is full of sap and unfit to be

cut at full moon. The scent of bloodhounds-is-dull compered with that of moths. If a newly emerged female moth is placed in a closed box, the males will come from nearly a mile away, though hills and buildings intervene, and even have found their way down a chimney to the object of their search.

Mr. Angell suggests, in view of the reent Springfield (Mass.) fire that firemen carry small iron balls attached to stout twine, which could be thrown through upper windows, enabling occupants to draw up ropes with strong iron hooks at the end and strong leather belts to buckle around the body, with metallic rings, to enable the one using to slide down a safe incline (say an angle of forty-five degrees) to the lower end of the ropes held by the fireman at a suffi-

cient distance. The resistance of wood to heat may be considerably increased, though absolute incombustibility cannot be secured. The resisting material must take the form of an injection into the fibers of the wood or of a coating; and it must be not too expensive, non-corrosive, speedy in be-coming fixed, easily applied, neat and unalterable. An injection of concentrated solution of phosphate of ammonia is recommended as the best treatment for small pieces of wood; but a more gen-erally available plan is coating with cyanide of potassium or asbestos paint.

The Chancellor's Promise Fulfilled.

There are several very excellent stories concerning Lord Chancellor Eldon. Take, for instance, the story of Miss Bridge's morning call upon him. There appeared before him a pretty young girl, slightly rustic in her attire, but thoroughly in command of her wits. "My dear," said the Chancellor, rising and bowing very courteously, "who are

you?" "Lord Eldon," said the blushing truder, "I am Bessie Bridge, of Woelby, and papa has sent me to remind you of a promise which you made to him when I was a little baby, and you were a guest in his house on the occasion of your first election as member of Parliament for

Woelby." "A promise, my dear young lady?" interposed the Chancellor, trying to recall how he had pledged himself.

"Yes, Lord Eldon, a promise. You were standing over my cradle when papa said to you: 'Mr. Scott, promise me that if ever you are Lord Chancellor, when my little girl is a poor clergyman's wife, you will give her husband a living, and you answered: 'Mr. Bridge, my. promise is not worth half a crown, but I give it to you, wishing it were worth

more. Enthusiastically the Chancellor exclaimed: "You are quite right; I admit the obligation; I remember all about it;" and then, after a pause, archly surveying the damsel, whose graces were the reverse of matronly, he added: "But surely the time for keeping my promise is not vet arrived. You cannot be any one's

wife at present." For a moment Miss: Bessie was bilent. and then, with a flush and a ripple of laughter, she replied: "No, but I do so wish to be somebody's wife. I am engaged to a young clergyman, and there's living in Herefordshire, near my old home, which has recently fallen vacant, and if you will give it to Alfred, why, then, Lord Eldon, we shall marry before the end of the year." Her Alfred got the living. -New York Press.

Dead Men's Bones.

An old settler informed us the other day that La Salle is underlaid with the bones of dead men, and that we scarcely walk a rod without stepping on the grave of some one long since departed. There is no doubting the fact that Blackhawk and other big Indians fought desperate battles over the site of this city, and there are many bold warriors sleeping beneath the thunder of busy manufactories here instead of the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry. In some parts of La Salle workmen have found carloads of human bones in excavating for cellars, but these are supposed to have been the bones of white men. In the cholera times many died and were buried by the canal. Of late men at work on the new railroad have turned over the whitened bones and grinning skulls of those buried there, and hold them as curiosities. There is scarcely a street or block in the city that does not cover the last resting-place of some one, but the march of progress leaves little time to think of the dead of a quarter of a century or more ago, and consequently their memory is sadly neglected. -La Salle (Mo.) Democrat.

A High-Priced Drop Curtain.

An enterprising Paris manager lately asked Meissonier, the great French artist, to paint a drop curtain for his theatre. The old master replied: "I have calculated, and find that my pictures are valued at \$16,000 per metre. Your curtain would therefore cost you \$4,320,000. But this is not all. It takes me twelve months to paint twenty-five centimetres. It will therefore take me 190 years to finish your curtain. You should have to me earlier, Monsieur. You should have come to me earlier. Good. morning."- Brooklyn Citizen.